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THE DESCENDANTS OF JOHN FRANEY OF COUNTY CORK, IRELAND

Compiled by:

Mary Dell (Frane) Clifton

(1962)





I N T R O D U C T I O N

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In every family, there should be a scribe who records the goings-out and the comings-in of its members, together with some of the happenings along the way.

Very humbly, I have undertaken this "labor of love".

There is no one now to whom I can go for more details; so I submit the information I have, with the hope that those who come after me may find interest in their ancestors.

"Who's Who " .

Dictated by Mary Dell (Franey) Clifton  
to Winifred (Clifton) Barkalow

Jan. 16-1962

5811



FATHER: John Franey; born in County Cork, Ireland, 1829

died at Chatsworth, Illinois in 1913

MOTHER: Margaret Phillips ; born in County Cork, Ireland 1833

died at Chatsworth, Illinois in 1919

John Franey and Margaret Phillips were married in

Galesburg, Illinois in 1860

None of my grandparents came to America.

My Father's parents died when he was about four years old.

One of his Aunts took him to rear; she was very stern and a severe Mother. At the age of 12 he packed all his worldly belongings in an old "carpet bag" and left this Aunt's home, slipped a-board a sailing vessel and came to the U.S.A.

The first day out, he was found stowed away, down below; the Captain was very kind to him. They gave him food and shelter and had him do little errands for them. When about half-way across the Atlantic they ran into a bad wind-storm which took them back a long way; then the storm calmed and they proceeded on their way, only to meet another gale . They all tho't they were surely lost that time. But HE who stilled the waves on the Sea of Galilee cared for those who were on that boat, tossed by an angry sea. They landed safely in New York Harbor after more than a two-months voyage. This was the last voyage for that boat; it was lost at sea on its return trip to Europe. Father never said much about the trip; but one day we were talking and I asked him if he ever felt that he would like to go back to see the old places; and this is what he replied" What the H--- would I want to go back for ? I had trouble enough getting here the first time."





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My Father was a very sturdy man and in a few years he could do many things for himself and to help the brother and sister who had come over here before him, and who helped him so much. At one time he worked in the South; said he enjoyed hearing the "darkies" sing at the end of their days work, which was from sunrise to sunset; they seemed happy. Father turned his attention to farming and stock-raising, and in later years he became most successful at that. He was known in his area as "The Cattle King". He had a large farm and raised most of his own feed for all the stock he raised, which was mainly cattle and hogs; but he also kept about 25 to 30 horses, mostly Normans and Clydesdales. Not one of his sons could handle the horses like he could, even when he was well up-in-years. When driving, he carried a buggy-whip but was never known to use it; he would hold it in a way so that the horses could see it ( the tip of it ) and all he had to do was speak to them to make them "step out".

MOTHER:

Mother was the youngest in her family and after her Father died, she became too much for her Mother to manage. Her sisters who had all come to America, wrote to the Mother and asked her to send Margaret to them. After deep thinking, she agreed to do so; but first she met a lady who was going to the USA very soon; and arrangements were made for Margaret to be under that lady's supervision. All seemed well, but Margaret was very independent and soon gave the lady to understand that she would have none of her advise. However, this lady's husband was with her and he kept a careful eye on the girl unbeknown to her, and really kept her out of some rather serious places.



All went very well until they landed at New York Harbor. No body to meet her. But, still undaunted, she picked up her "satchell" and "struck out" on her own. Luckily she had no trouble in getting housework, with a very nice lady; and she was there for two weeks before her own folks found her. They had made a frantic search for her; she had not written them a word since she had landed. Then she went to Galesburg to live near her sisters. Soon, Alice, an older sister who was working as a domestic got Margaret in with some family as a helper in the kitchen. She and Alice had some very good times there. She and John Franey were married Nov. 5, 1853; soon afterward they moved to a farm and farmed from then on, till Father was 82. One morning that Fall, he had gone to do his chores but came back to the house very soon and asked Mother "How soon can you be ready to go South with me for the winter?" Mother looked up at the clock and replied "I can be ready in one hour". Father said "Well that is better than I can do but suppose we say in three days." So three days later they were on a train for Biloxi, Miss. where they rented a nice little house and moved right in. The owner had made a garden and told Father he could have that too. So they enjoyed fresh garden vegetables that winter and really liked it there. But Spring found them returning to their Northern home. Father became ill soon after that and he died in April of 1913. This left Mother all alone in our big nine-room house; none of us liked that, so she bought a smaller house in Chatsworth and left the farm to be worked by the 2 older boys Ed and Mike. The next winter, Mother decided to go South for the cold weather and save herself the work of tending stoves all winter. When she told Ed, he offered to go with her but she told him to stay at home and attend to his work.





Then he told her to let him know when she was ready to come home and he would go to Florida and get her. But again, she told him "if he came after her he would go home alone"; so he settled down to the business of the winter. The next April he received a letter from a Nurse saying his Mother wanted to go home; but, continued the Nurse, "she has been ill and under my care for three months and is not able to make that trip alone. She will never live to get there alone". Of course, Ed knew that if he went, he would only antagonize her; so he phoned to our cousin Margaret Phillips in Galesburg Illinois and asked her to go. He left by train that evening and arrived in due time. Went directly to Mother; she was in bed when she saw cousin Margaret; she "bristled" and asked "What are YOU here for?" Margaret replied "'Why, Aunt, I am on my way to St. Augustine and thot you might like to go with me". At that, Mother wilted and admitted she was ill; so after making some plans to get her home, Margaret did go to St. Augustine for one day then back to Mother who had failed so much in that short time that Margaret had to work fast and furious to get her away or even onto the train. By taking a bedroom for both of them they made it, tho Mother had to be kept in her boom all the way. Margaret wired Ed to meet their train and when they were pulling into Chatsworth Mother said to cousin Margaret "Now none of that wheel-chair business nor helping me when we get off of the train". But both Ed and Mike met them; with a wise nod from cousin Margaret they got one on each side of Mother and literally carried her to their car, about 2 rods away; drove the 4 blocks to her home, and got her inside the house. Mother rested a bit and seemed better but she watched Cousin Margaret like a hawk. Margaret was virtually a prisoner for a few days; then Mother's fake-strength left her and again she was in bed. They sent for me, telling me the worst; that was the first I knew of Mother's illness.



My daughter Mabel and I left via Spirit Lake, Chicago, Forest, to Chatsworth . Mike met us at the train, rushed us to his car and drove to Mother's home. Let me say here that was the most dangerous ride in my whole life. He drove so fast over rough places and threw us so high, I feared his car would be gone too far for us to land in the seat. But somehow we made it and rushed into the house to find Mother just passing away. There was the usual gathering of relatives at her funeral. She had made all arrangements for the funeral party to have dinner ( lunch we now call it ) at the Hotel in Chatsworth. It seemed she had anticipated everything and made arrangements herself. My three brothers and I sat down to supper in our Mother's house that evening--- the last time to ever all be together.

My parents' first child "Michael Francis" lived only 6 months. Edmond, second child was born April 6, 1863; he followed in our Father's footsteps and farmed from the time he was old enough, till illness hindered him from doing more. He never did anything exciting, never seemed to care for "pursuit of happiness" just work. I have risen at 4:00 A.M: many a time to get him out to the fields in time as he always called it. One Fall he kept asking ( rather telling) me to get up a little earlier the next day. There was a friend of mine living with us and teaching our school that year. She was quite provoked at the hours I was keeping and we talked it over and decided it was time for me to assert myself. we went to bed as usual ~~one~~ night, set the alarm for midnight and when it clicked we were out of bed in a flash, grabbed our robes and very "guilty-like" mice, found our way down that long front stairs, thru the hall, sitting room and kitchen, then up the back stairs and knocked on his door. He answered and I said " It's morning; better get up".





He and Mike got up, dressed, and went down to the kitchen, and just then Ed happened to glance at the clock. Just 12:05 . WHEW was he mad. But by then Sue and I were safe in our room, and he could not do anything about it. Later in life he was very sick for some time, then became crippled and could not help himself at all. The first year it required 4 nurses to care for him; he lingered on for several years and died at the age of 95 years and 6 months.

Margaret H. Franey ( my only sister) was born May 24, 1865, the only girl at that time. Next winter, on one of Mother's wash days she had two little cousins of ours in to play with the baby, who was on pillows in a big rocking chair. They got to rocking the chair very hard and the baby and pillows went out onto the hot stove. Baby had some very bad burns but she got well, tho always carried a pink scar on her face, and a pitted one on one arm. She was a beautiful girl with deep blue eyes brown curly hair and lovely complexion. She became a dress maker when she grew up. She and her husband are both dead, many years ago.

Michael F. Franey was born May 14 1867. Another farmer!!! Yes, he too, farmed. but not as hard working as Ed was. He hired more help and never took on so much land to work and he got along very well. Seemed to be worth about as much as Ed was. He and Agnes Kennedy were married in 1892 had 5 children, of whom three lived to be grown and in their own homes. Agnes died long ago; a few years later he married some young widow with two "ornery" boys. He lived with this woman for four years then they became divorced. Mike lived alone after that, was not very well. One Sunday they found him lying on his living room floor. Doctor said he had been dead for some hours.

Mary Dell----that's me. Born July 17, 1869, a tiny puny little sick thing until I was 6 years old. Started to school at age 7 and loved it. Made very good progress in my studies--nothing particular happened.



When I grew up, I taught school for a few years. Then Franklin Adams Clifton and I were married Feb. 21, 1894. In due time I had a little "school" of my own that needed all of my attention. We were farmers but my health was poor and the Doctor said "Go South". So we went to Missouri but were not suited there, so we went back to the Iowa farm the next year, and stayed there till our three children were in High School, when we moved into the town of Milford, Iowa.

BACKTRACKING a little bit---- we lived with my husband's folks the first year we were married, at Woodland, Illinois. Then we rented a farm for ourselves and continued farming till 1916 when we moved into Milford, Ia. Lived there 2 years, then moved to Omaha, Nebraska where Frank carpentered and I took over a big Apartment House. Did real well at it, too.

Winnie, our first-born became a teacher till she married. She has one child, a daughter Lois Ethlyn whose Father died when Lois was 11 years old. Winnie remained single for some twenty-odd years then re-married to Earl L. Barkalow in 1957 and has lived in Calif. since 1944. Her daughter Lois is married to Master Sgt. Ray Mc Intosh. When Ray was sent to Africa for a two year period, Lois and their two boys went with him. These two lads are all the great grand children I have, and their mother is the only grand child. Like my own children they are very dear to me.

After the death of Mabel and my husband I came to Calif. to live with Winnie. Before coming to Calif. I went to Alexandria, Va. to visit my son, William Franklin Clifton and his wife Neva. (His son was born July 2, 1903 on the farm near Milford, Ia. I made the trip to Va. by Plane, a very enjoyable trip. Son Bill and his wife Neva made it very pleasant for me as we went some place every day and each day was better than the one before. Went to Mt. Vernon where we saw so many things, down to Rivers edge and





saw the tide come in ; saw Washington Monument, Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, saw the "Changing of the Guards", Sunday we went to a Seafood Inn for dinner then to see the Botanical Gardens which was a most beautiful place. Went shopping in their home town, also Neva and I shopped in Washington DC. All lovely stores and decorated for Christmas. One day Neva took me for a sight-seeing ( eight hour) trip on a "rubberneck bus"---visited the Treasury, Smithsonian Institute, Embassy tour, Archives Bldg., White House, Lincoln Memorial, Capital and the Supreme Court. Went to Great Falls, Maryland, Geo. Washington Cathedral, Vice President Nixon's home, Jefferson Memorial, Mellon National Art Museum, and a lovely drive around Hsines Point, Ocean city, Maryland, Betheny, Rehoboth in Delaware. Saw the Atlantic coast from all these places. Crossed Chesapeake Bay Bridge, 5 miles long and so wonderful. Visited Congressional Library. Went past Rock Creek, past the zoo, went to Church of Christ, where Geo. Washington had worshiped. His pew is marked. Saw Manassas and Bull Run battle grounds, so grown over with blue grass now that you would never know it was once a field of battle. I felt very lonely all the way back to Omaha but it was heartening to see a delegation of my neighbors there to meet me. Soon after that, I sold my home with contents, deserving only a few things for myself. On Christmas at 3:15 A:M: I left Omaha and all my dear friends there, to live in California. Went back to Omaha in 1960 and saw most of them again, just as dear as ever. There is nothing as good as good friends; I love all of mine.

#### MORE DATA REGARDING MY IMMEDIATE FAMILY:

Daughter Mabel Clifton, born Sept. 2, 1900 would always say she came in with the Century, and wanted to go out with it. But in 1942 she became very ill and died in Sept. 1953 just 15 days before my husband died. Mabel of cancer and "DAD" of heart trouble. Mabel and Anna Covell of Omaha went to Alaska one summer to see the country; they had a delightful time and always talked of going back again.; but never did. Mabel went to Vermont



one summer, then on to the East Coast and had a wonderful ride on the Hudson River. She felt that was the "high spot" of her vacation that year. It was to be her last vacation. After that, there was first one member of the family, then another, sick which prevented any of us from taking any vacation.

Son, William Franklin Clifton, ♀ born July 2, 1903 on the farm near Milford Iowa. Spent a very unhappy time with us, his first year, critically ill; but after that, things seemed better. He grew to manhood with the usual boys' flare for good times; began teaching school at the age of 20. He and Neva Spence of Des Moines, Iowa were married at 21. He taught a few more years then joined the Navy. In High School and College he was a big foot ball and base ball player. At this writing January 1962 he is with F. A. A. in Washington D.C. where he has been for many years. Last Fall he was sent to Naples, Italy via London, Paris, and Rome. He has been in all 50 states of the union; and has been a noted Flyer.

My only grand child---Lois Mc Intosh--- when her husband Sgt. Mc Intosh was sent to Africa in 1958 for a two year Tour of Duty she and her two sons went also. It was a big event in their lives to drive their car across our beautiful country from Calif. to New York---then the voyage across the Atlantic,--different people, customs, etc. Of course there were hardships to be endured but there were many very pleasant things to remember, too. Their last summer in Africa, they had a nice vacation of two weeks; went to Germany and had a wonderful time. When their vacation ended, they had breakfast in Germany, lunch in Paris, dinner in Spain then home to sleep in their own beds, by midnight. All were so tired but all that they had a wonderful time. When their 2 years in Africa ended, they returned to the U.S.A. by Plane. Picked up their car which had been previously shipped, and drove to Omaha where they still live. The older son, Kim, was a graduate of Omaha Central High School in June 1961; his Mother had





graduated from this same school in Class of 1940. Billy is now in 5th grade and I think his little dog, Joey is in the same grade too!!!!

BACK TRACKING AGAIN TO TWO OF MY BROTHERS WHOM I OMITTED.

John Franey JR; born August 1, 1871. He and I grew up together; we were real "Pals", as much as we could be and still accomplish all the work that Mother put upon us. We survived that too, and grew up to be healthy, hearty youngsters, full of life and fun. When I left home to teach school, John wrote me that there at home " it is kinda quiet and I guess when I leave, it will be pretty lonesome". He helped on the home-farm but could not feel content; so that Fall he left to go West. Three brothers from Indiana left with him; they followed the harvest till cold weather then went on to California. They got there just as the Alaskan Gold Rush was at its peak. They joined another party and set sail for Alaska. Were ship wrecked but all lives saved. John wrote home about it; said it was a cold day to change clothes with the thermometer 40 degrees below zero. They landed, soon joined with others on the trail for gold. After many months of this and as many disappointments, John and his Pal gave it up and returned to the U.S. Then they parted; the other boy to his own home and John found work as a Fireman on a local from Tacoma Washington to some place north of there. He liked his work also his Boss, the Engineer. One morning when they were starting on their run, John remarked to the Engineer that the fog seemed so bad. He hoped that the train one hour ahead of them would be out of the way. The Engineer told him "No danger of that---that train should be there now". However, John's train had gone but a short ways when they crashed into the front train; the boiler on John's train exploded, scalding him badly. Seems he inhaled so much steam, his lungs were literally cooked. He wrote home a few days later, from his hospital-bed, telling of his accident. But he said "Now dont any of you come here to see me; I'll soon be well



and then I'll go home and see ALL of you." Before his letter reached home, a telegram came stating that he was dead. Ed the oldest brother, went to Tacoma, and brought the body home; John was layed to rest in the family lot near Chatsworth.

#### ROBERT FRANKLIN FRANEY

Robert Franey was born Oct.1st 1878. He was nine years younger than I was. So I was the one to take care of him. I loved him very dearly then and always after, there seemed to be a special bond between us. He always looked to me for help and counsel. I did what I could for him. He went to school more than any of the rest of us had gone but did not care for it. He was another farmer. He would have done well at it but there was dishonesty among some of those whom he trusted , and he lost too heavily too soon after starting. There were those who could have and should have helped him but they did not do so. He married Mary Sullivan; they reared two daughters and four sons. His wife died in 1944 and Rob died in 1958 of cancer, and so heart broken.

BACK TO ME again.--- we have had many nice drives down to the Pacific Ocean,--out onto the Desert country and up into the mountains. The orange groves are a joy too, especially when in bloom. A few times we have seen orange trees with both bloom and fruit on them at the same time.

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Phillips - Franey - Clifton

This is a rambling, incomplete family history, but completed as dictated. It may contain some usable information. It certainly defies cataloging.

Franey - Clifton  
Phillips -













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